

As a child, I never wanted to get far from home, and was so homesick just two blocks from home at the time Gertrude was born, that the well-meaning neighbors had to bring me home earlier than anticipated. And that is the home I occupy with much of the memorabilia gathered from the various members of the clan. The cellar wall of our natal dwelling place was laid by H. B. Curtis and his son George, the Gardners taking possession of it in 1886.

One of the prized possessions is a chair which was built by my ancestor, John Griswold and at this point I inject part of the tribute to John Griswold as given at the dedication of his monument in the Clinton Cemetery, written by none other than our own Aunt Augusta.

I might also inject here that when I as a child did get so far from home as to spend a few days at the Cold Water Tavern Aunt Augusta's bedtime story was not of Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, nor the Three